

Literature and Psychology

THE QUARTERLY NEWS LETTER OF THE CONFERENCE ON LITERATURE AND PSYCHOLOGY OF THE MODERN LANGUAGE ASSOCIATION

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No. 3

Hath government ever cured a propensity to theft by the administration of the whipping-post or the wheel-barrow? Amongst the innumerable experiments that have been made, I never heard of one successful instance—No; it seems more natural, that mental remedies should be prescribed for mental disorders; and corporeal physic for bodily diseases. Let there be physicians and metaphysicians as two distinct professions. I do not mean by metaphysicians, such as are now professors in universities and colleges, but practising metaphysicians, who shall study the disorders and irregularities of the human mind, and prescribe their cure.

I have considered this matter very attentively, and am confident that many of the cares and evils of life might be removed or alleviated by a judicious metaphysical treatment. The first difficulty would be to gain the confidence of the patient in a new science; for this confidence would be as necessary to the metaphysical as to the physical cure of disease—and even more so—for the imagination would have a great share in the business, and must indeed serve as apothecary to the metaphysician.... [The virtue of pills is their ability to inspire confidence.]... If, then, this confidence, this implicit faith of the patient, is so useful

Dr. Wycherley was a collector of mad people.... Pascal, according to Wycherley, was a madman with an illusion about a precipice;...Saul, a moping maniac with homicidal paroxysms and nocturnal visions; Paul, an incoherent lunatic, who, in his writings, flies off at a tangent, and who admits having once been the victim of photopsic illusion in broad daylight; Nebuchadnezzar, a lycanthropic lunatic; Joan of Arc, a theomaniac; Bobby Burton and Oliver Cromwell, melancholy maniacs; Napoleon, an ambitious maniac, in whom the sense of impossibility became gradually extinguished by visceral and cerebral derangement;...Luther, a phrenetic patient of the old demoniac breed....

But without intending any disrespect to any of these gentlemen, he assigned the golden crown of insanity to Hamlet. To be sure,

in the operation of material medicine, much more should it be cultivated and depended upon in a metaphysical sense. Possessed of this, I would undertake, with flattering hopes of success, to heal the maladies of the mind by the use of discreet and obviously rational means.

It is recommended, that the moral faculty should be permitted to purge itself by natural discharges. Now, there are but two possible ways by which the mind can discharge her contents in the cacoethes maledictionis; viz., by actions, and by words, either by speaking, scolding, storming, swearing, writing, or publishing. When these means are forbid, or not conveniently obtained, the disease breaks out into actions; viz., beating, bruising, mawling, cuffing, kicking and even murdering, killing and so forth: and, therefore, a free scope should be given to words, as the most salutary and safe issue of the malignant matter.

—Francis Hopkinson

"Some thoughts on Mental Disease"
(Miscellaneous Essays and Occasional Writings, 1792; II, 336-48)

[Suggested by Abraham H. Steinberg]

this character tells his friends in the play he shall feign insanity...and after this hint..., he keeps his word...; indeed, like Edgar, he rather overdoes it, and so puzzles his enemies in the play, and certain German criticasters and English mad doctors..., and does not puzzle his bosom friend in the play one bit, nor the pit for whom he was created.... what can this rare compound be? Wycherley decided the question. Hamlet was too much greater in the world of mind than S. T. Coleridge, and his German criticasters; too much higher, deeper, and broader than Esquirol, Pinel, Sauze, Haslam, Munro, Pagan, Wigan, Prichard, Romberg, Wycherley, and such small deer, to be anything less than a madman.

... Alfred declined the subject as too

puerile. "A man must exist before he can be insane," said the Oxonian philosopher, severe in youthful gravity.... He got the play, studied it afresh, compared the fiction with the legend, compared Hamlet humbugging his enemies and their tool, Ophelia, with Hamlet opening his real mind to himself and Horatio the very next moment; contrasted the real

madness the author has portrayed in the plays of Hamlet and Lear by the side of these extravagant imitations, ... and at their next séance pitched into the doctor's pet chimera, and what with logic, fact, ridicule, and the author's lines, knocked it to atoms.

—Charles Reade
Hard Cash. Vol. II, Ch. VII

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"Charles Reade's Hard Cash:
'Uncomparably My Best Production'
by Wayne Burns 34

Over four years have passed since we published Professor Burns's "His Mother's Son: The Emotional Development of Charles Reade" (IV, 3 [June 1954], 31-47). The present paper, like the former one, is part of the author's longer study of that nineteenth century novelist. Reade is little known today except as the author of The Cloister and the Hearth; yet there are probably three other novels by him which deserve some special consideration: Never Too Late To Mend, Hard Cash, and Put Yourself In His Place.

The second of these, to which the present paper is devoted, is noteworthy for a number of reasons. It reveals much about the author as an individual and as a Victorian personality; it brings close to the reader the monolithic nineteenth century con-

cept of mental disease and its treatment; it has much to tell us about the Victorian novelist as social reformer, and it is highly relevant to the state of the novel as an art form today. As he has always done, Professor Burns works within the framework he has set for himself. His aim, as he wrote in 1954, "is to give the interpretations the materials demand—which is of course Freudian—without the direct use of Freudian concepts and terminology."

Book Reviews. 44

Mr. Lesser reviews the new edition of Maud Bodkin's Archetypal Patterns In Poetry with some comments on her 1951 work, Studies of Type Images in Poetry, Religion and Philosophy.

The Editor reviews two recent paperback reprints: Mario Praz's The Romantic Agony (first published in 1935, the second edition in 1951) and F. L. Lucas's appropriately titled Literature and Psychology (first published in 1951).

CORRESPONDENCE, COMMENTS, AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

* Epigraphs. The second one, which has been percolating through the Editor's mind for some time, had to be included in the light of our publication in this issue of the paper on Hard Cash.

In submitting the most appropriate quotation from the neglected works of the American patriot Francis Hopkinson, "jurist, scientist, inventor, musician, painter, poet, essayist, and wit," Dr. Steinberg makes the following comment:

One of Hopkinson's Philadelphia friends was Dr. Benjamin Rush, the honored father of American psychiatry. With a sympathy rare in his own time and far from universal in ours, Dr. Rush had recognized the genuineness of the suffering of the mentally disturbed and had crusaded heroically for improvements in treatment and hospitals. But Dr. Rush's extensive writings on mental disease are little more than dull compendia of accepted notions; compared with Hopkinson's, his style is torpid and his range of interests narrow. Nevertheless a selection of Rush's work has recently been reprinted, while Hopkinson's remain neglected by modern editors.

Histories of psychology pay their due respects to Dr. Rush without so much as mentioning Hopkinson by name; but a lighthearted and apparently ca-

sual essay by Hopkinson, occasioned by reading one of Dr. Rush's learned dissertations, yields up more insight into the nature of psychiatric treatment than all Dr. Rush's tracts put together. In 'Some Thoughts on Mental Disease' Hopkinson improvises a therapy, based on the patient's confidence in his doctor, which purges the emotions by means of verbal outpouring. Psychoanalyst being a term not then in vogue, he invents the phrase practising metaphysician for the therapist. This new science should prove capable of curing 'many of the cares and evils of life'—ordinary people as well as those requiring institutionalization would benefit thereby.

The free press, he continues, is a blessing because it maintains 'a free circulation of ideas, so necessary to the mental health of man.' There Hopkinson's psychiatric theorizings apparently ended. No physician himself, this gifted dilettante never, so far as is known, seriously considered putting his ideas into actual practice.

* Comments. We receive all too few expressions of agreement or disagreement with the papers we publish. We invite more.

Professor William J. Griffin comments on

Dr. Charles A. Allen's "Robert Penn Warren: The Psychology of Self-Knowledge," published in the last issue (VIII, 2, 21-25):

Mr. Allen has a point of significance to the coherent understanding of Robert Penn Warren's work. As a reader with some familiarity with the material, however, I am less than fully satisfied with his analysis because (a) he is too vague in outlining his problem and intention, and (b) he fails to set the psychological motifs of Warren in the larger framework of his controlling convictions. As for the second observation, Warren's primary ideas are (I may sound dogmatic, but I think I am accurate) that man is a compound of devilish impulses and humane capacities, that the world he lives in lends itself readily to the development of his devilry, and that the humane capacities can have scope for realization only if individuals reconcile themselves to the foregoing 'facts' in humility. Warren is essentially an anti-romantic, denying the assumptions that motivated Shelley *et al.* Now, the ideas about the nature of man that I have noted can be formulated in 'Freudian' terms, but Warren basically (it seems to me) thinks of them rather in religious terms. Beginning thus, he then intermittently manages to supply a psychological scaffolding for them. I think Allen is wrong in that he forces his argument. He seems to find a psychoanalytical thesis where (particularly in *Night Rider* and *Heaven's Gate*) there is simply psychoanalytical detail, not always by any means well integrated into the fabric of the fictions. Further, it is not oedipal conflict as such that Warren is interested in; hence it seems to me that Allen's last paragraph is off key.

Other comments include the following:

I find Allen's paper excellent: interesting, well-written, and full of sound observation. It's persuasive; though I don't know Warren's work, Allen convinces me that he does and I find myself ready to trust him.

The paper is Freudian only in the assuredly sound sense that early experiences are formative. About all that Allen seems to be saying is that there has to be some explanation for the psychology of literary characters, and that their acceptance or rejection of their parents, and their past, and their relations with their parents, have a decisive influence on their development. Would anyone want to quarrel with that?

This is a simple matching job: one book after another is held up to the psychological pattern, the presence of

* Announcements. Our readers are reminded of the following meetings:

1. The American Psychological Association
Division 10. Division on Esthetics
Symposium: Influences of Depth Psychology on
Literary Criticism.

Chairman: Leonard F. Manheim, Dept. of English,
City College of New York

Monday, September 1, 1958, from 10:00 to
10:50 a. m., in the Pan-American Room of
the Hotel Statler, Washington, D. C.

Program

Opening remarks by the chairman: Some recent
developments in the inter-disciplinary
field of depth psychology and literary
criticism.

The Ages of Man: Psychological Explorations
in Literature.

Paul Obler, Dept. of English, Drew Univ.
James C. McClintock, Dept. of Psychology,
Drew Univ., N. J.

Literature as Art and as Knowledge.

Paul Swartz, Dept. of Psychology, Univ.
of Wichita, Kansas

The Appeal of Fiction to the Psyche of the
Reader.

Simon O. Lesser; Louis Harris & Associates,
New York City

2. The Modern Language Association
Discussion Group 10: Literature and Psychology
Sunday, December 28, 1958, from 9:15 to 10:30
a. m., at the Hotel Statler, New York City
(room to be announced).

Chairman: Wayne Burns, Dept. of English,
Univ. of Washington

Secretary: Leonard F. Manheim, Dept. of English,
City College of New York

Program

The Characterization of Leopold Bloom.

Joseph Prescott, Dept. of English, Wayne
State Univ., Detroit, Michigan

Psychology and Literary Criticism: A Summary
and Critique.

Paul Obler, Dept. of English, Drew Univ.,
N. J.

Discussion leaders: Martin Kallich, Dept.
of English, South Dakota State College

William Wasserstrom, Dept. of English,
Univ. of Rochester, N. Y.

the Oedipus complex noted, and the next
book brought on stage. This sort of
thing has its place, I suppose, al-
though it is very elementary.... If
we start from Allen's concern with the
psychological validity of Warren's
characters, then I don't see how this
demonstration that the Oedipus complex
exists helps to establish their valid-
ity.

Your Editor cannot repeat too often his invi-
tation to readers to comment on the papers
published or the opinions expressed in notes,
bibliographies, or elsewhere.

H A R D C A S H :
"UNCOMPARABLY MY BEST PRODUCTION"

...Sampson...plunged...into the sea of fiction. He rechristened that joyous art feckshin, and lashed its living professors. "You devour their three volumes greedily," said he, "but after your meal you feel as empty as a drum; there is no leading idea in 'um; now, there always is—in Molière: and he comprehended the midicine of his age. But what fundamental truths d'our novelists iver convey? All they can do is pile incidents. Their customers dictate th'article; unideaed melodrams for unideaed girls....

Hard Cash (Chap. III)

.....
How are hits made? By filling gaps. Comment: Hence the imitator of a hit maker fails; he does not in fact imitate: for he throws his duplicate on a mound; whereas the original threw No 1 into a gulf.

Recipe

How to write such a story as Romola No 1 Fit a pump handle to your common place book: & hire a metaphysical bastard to work it or and let a bastard metaphysician work it.

To base a novel upon novels is to paint the shadows of shades. Novels ought always to be built on hard fact.

Good for Preface

Truth in Fiction

What shall I but invent colorless lies, when Truth comes to me with her apron full of melodramatic truths, and charges me nothing for them.

—Charles Reade

Notecard headed Arundiniana

The "idea" for Hard Cash, like the "idea" for Never Too Late To Mend, Reade attributed to The Times (in a Letter to the Editor, August 26, 1871): "You put forth an able and eloquent leader on private asylums, and detailed the sufferings there inflicted on persons known to you. This took root in me, and brought forth its fruit in the second volume of 'Hard Cash'." While there is some truth in this statement, it is nevertheless misleading: another strategic oversimplification designed to stress the topicality and respectability of his thematic purpose. The intellectual substance of Parson Eden's sermon on cruelty in Never Too Late To Mend indicates that Reade was fully aware of asylums by the time he wrote on prisons. Indeed, given his interests and outlook, it could hardly have been otherwise, for both Evangelicals and Benthamites were much concerned with asylums, going so far as to maintain that the insane and the feeble-minded were even worse off than prisoners; that they, like "slaves" and "factory children," were helpless victims, not free agents; that consequently their confinement should be strictly regulated by law to ensure their receiving sympathetic and intelligent care.

These principles Reade shared with his fellow reformers, though in expressing them he went to extremes which betray a concern more personal than religious or philosophical. And quite understandably so. For, as Professor Sutcliffe has pointed out, "The Memoir makes plain that Reade was the occasional victim of deep and prolonged nervous exhaustion and depression of the kind that sometimes seizes his male characters, who have brain-fever and fall into fits, sometimes epileptic." And what the Memoir does not make plain, Reade himself does, not only in his Notebooks but also in his published writings—nowhere more obviously than in his factual account of the Fletcher case, in which he carries his defensiveness so far as

to have the doctor who examines Fletcher testify to his, Charles Reade's, sanity. In this and other attempts at self vindication he was refuting without acknowledgment the charges of madness that had been levelled at him since his undergraduate days—charges that he not only hated but feared; for, "urged by that terror of a madhouse, which is natural to a sane man, and in England is fed by occasional disclosures, and the general suspicion they exert," he apparently feared that such charges, coupled with his known crotchets and fits of depression, might be sufficient to secure his own incarceration under the statute de Lunatico.

During his earlier years of Sturm und Drang, when only Mrs. Reade stood between him and his father's wrath, he may possibly have had some basis for his "terror of a madhouse." By this time, however, his fears were entirely groundless—if for no other reason, because his fame as a novelist had in point of fact placed him beyond the reach of the Lunacy Laws. But such feelings are seldom if ever reasonable. And in Reade's case there is evidence that his fears went deeper: That he was not so much afraid of the law as he was of lunacy itself. While he could never admit this fear, he was nevertheless obliged, beginning at Oxford, to recognize that in many ways he did not and could not feel and think as his fellows did; that for this reason he was considered "eccentric" (or even "mad") and, still more intolerable, "inferior." Yet he could not change or conform without surrendering his own and his mother's ideals. To meet the charges of inferiority and madness he therefore had to believe and prove and maintain his superiority—especially in those areas in which inferiority was linked with madness. Hence his stress on the paraphernalia of systematic thought, particularly logic, which he invoked at every opportunity to prove the soundness of his mind as well as

of his arguments—never realizing that his Baconian ingenuity, applied to his whims and passions, magnified the eccentricity of his mind, and thus provoked still further jibes and attacks, punctuated with veiled charges of simplemindedness or insanity.

To all such attacks Reade invariably retorted in kind. No charge, no slight, however insignificant, was beneath his notice. He answered them all—in court, in print, in the Notebooks—as if his very life depended on it. As indeed it did, in a sense. His predicament may be compared with that of the harassed animal in Kafka's *The Burrow*, who could not feel secure so long as there was a possible opening through which his enemies, real and imagined, might penetrate his protective maze. And so it was with Reade, the difference being that his Baconian rationalizations, particularly as embodied in the Notebooks, provided him with a burrow adequate to his psychic needs, one through which he could translate his deepest fears and passions, first into humanitarian facts, then into the fearless heroics of humanitarian fiction.

ii

In keeping with his Sensation theories, however, the facts had to be "warm." Although he had been collecting data on "Asyla" since perhaps as early as 1851, it was not until May 21, 1858, that his matter-of-fact muse presented him with "the astonishing case of the Reverend Mr. Leech who, having gained by his father's will the absolute reversion of thirty thousand pounds, had forthwith announced that he would marry his housekeeper. Interested relatives had him committed at once to a private madhouse. This case and others, as exposed and journalistically castigated in *The Times*, provided him with a humanitarian theme directly expressive of his own thoughts and feelings, plus atrocities almost as black and fresh as those on which he had based the immortal part of his prison epic. And within a few months he himself became an actor in a real life drama that provided him with what he considered the ultimate in factual documentation. On August 6, 1858, he somehow learned that "a sane prisoner [one Fletcher] had escaped from a private madhouse, had just baffled an attempt to recapture him by violent entry into a dwelling house, and was now hiding in the suburbs." Upon receiving this information, he took it upon himself not only to examine the prisoner, but also to secure medical testimony certifying his sanity. Then, armed with these and other facts, he undertook to defend Fletcher "against the prompt and daring men... hunting him." Acting with the acumen and despatch of his own Resourceful Heroes, he hid Fletcher, placed him under guard, balked every attempt to recapture him by force, and then set about securing a fair trial. At this point Fletcher's accusers resorted to legal trickery and deception in an effort to prevent the case from being tried—and for a long time they succeeded. But in the long run Reade was more than equal to their machinations. Wielding "the lash of Publicity" with the zeal of his own Parson Eden, he publicized the case in a series of articles to the Press that eventually forced the accusers into open court, where, on July 8, 1859, Fletcher was not only declared unequivocally sane but granted damages

"compounded for an annuity of £100 a year, £50 cash, and costs."

Reade's own account of the case (reprinted in *Readiana* under the title "Our Dark Places") leaves no doubt that he was primarily interested in validating his self-image. Indeed, if one can credit Compton Reade's testimony in the *Memoir*, Reade was so engrossed in his experiential heroics that he could not see what to nearly everyone else was perfectly plain; viz., that "his orphan," as he called Fletcher, was a dangerously excitable if not an insane young man given to brandishing "his knife in order to point a moral and adorn a tale." Perhaps—but Compton Reade was not above heightening Fletcher's antics to adorn his own tale, nor above distorting Reade's statements—presumably made "after it was over"—to point his own moral. Possibly Reade did remark, "No more law suits.... No more Fletchers," but his words cannot be taken to mean that he seriously regretted his actions. For, on July 10, just two days after the case had been decided, he wrote (in a letter "To the Editor of The Daily Telegraph"):

While thanking you as an enlightened Englishman and an individual for your remarks on E. P. Fletcher's case, permit me to correct an error. He derived no help whatever from the Alleged Lunatics' Friend Society. He went to them, indeed, on his escape, but they did nothing for him, except to let his address leak out. On this a ruffian-like attempt was instantly made to recapture him, with the aid of the police, which was illegal. He was saved wholly and solely by two women—Mrs. Carrat and Miss Church. These ladies had what your humbugging commissioners and societies have not—pluck. Mrs. Carrat, threatened, very properly, to split the amateur policeman's scull, and demanded his warrant for forcing her bedroom door. She had the poker ready, as I hope we shall all have it when our castles are broken into without a magistrates warrant, and our liberties invaded. The other lady worked by wit, and, finally, "le petit Fletcher" got to the top of the house, jumped, at the risk of his life, to another house, and walked past Dr. Wood's policeman, in crinoline and black mustache. Then it was another woman referred him to me, as to a man likely to kick at oppression.... The result you know. But the difficulties, the postponements, the torturing delays, the heartlessness of all whom the country is paying to have hearts, and the brainlessness of many it is paying to have brains—this, Sir, I defy you to conceive....

iii

This final challenge looks forward directly to *Hard Cash*, and completes the Readian cycle of Heroism. The factual skirmishes won (by Reade and Mrs. Carrat and other men and women of action), and journalistically chronicled (by Reade and the editor of the *Daily Telegraph* and other humane reformers), it was up to Reade, in his role as novelist, to express what he conceived to be the ultimate significance of the facts: "to make you ladies and gentlemen realize things, what the

chronicler presents to you in his dim, and cold, and shadowy way....," i. e., to do for private asylums what he had already done for prisons. And since his white-hot experiential facts (combined with those from The Times) provided the ultimate in documentation, he was anxious to get started on the novel as soon as possible. But, as his letters to James T. Fields make clear, there were difficulties, one of which was for the moment insuperable. "From a line in your letter," he wrote on Nov. 15, 1860, "I fear you think I am working for you [on Hard Cash]. Alas! I ought to be and should be much happier if I was: but you know this miserable good fight [the earliest version of The Cloister and the Hearth was entitled A Good Fight] was to be got rid of first; and my poor little head could never do two things at once."

His medieval researches were indeed causing him no end of trouble, and were primarily responsible for keeping him penned up at Oxford, hard at work on the novel, through the summer and into the fall of 1861. In almost every letter he wrote Mrs. Seymour during this period he bemoaned the difficulties engendered by his medieval theme, and even when the end of the novel was definitely in sight, and he had come to believe it might be a success, he constantly reiterated his earlier resolution: "I will never attempt an old world story again.... Henceforth I shall remember the advice, soyez de votre siècle. I am convinced that learning and research should be applied to passing, not to past, events. In the same sense alone is Dickens a learned man, and mark the result!"

This statement once again looks forward to Hard Cash. In fact it would seem that Reade looked forward to Hard Cash throughout the time he was writing The Cloister and the Hearth. Yet that novel once completed he was apparently too exhausted to do anything but follow the advice he had earlier offered to Wilkie Collins: "I highly approve your prudence in laying down the pen entirely after producing 'the woman in white': and if you will take my advice on a subject I have studied, give an hour or two more to bed than usual for the next fortnight. of course I mean go to bed earlier. Sleep is our grand renovator." And within a few weeks he began to experience what for him was even more renovating than sleep; viz., success. The Cloister and the Hearth sold well in the United States, despite the Civil War, and it was if anything an even greater success in England, not only with the public but also with the critics, who for once accorded him the praise he felt his work merited.

By way of celebrating his triumph he broke open a new Notebook in which he pasted reviews and his comments thereon. But he did not permit this pastime to interfere with practical considerations. His triumph had given his waning reputation a tremendous boost, and he took full advantage of this fact in negotiating terms for the as yet unwritten Hard Cash, both in his correspondence with his publishers in the United States, and in driving a hard bargain with Dickens and Wills for serial rights in All the Year Round. He could look forward to realizing more than 5000 pounds on the novel.

On May 30 he spoke of "going down to Oxford to write hard." From the beginning, his later remarks testify, he envisaged Hard Cash as his masterpiece. The Cloister and the Hearth was well enough in its way, but he felt confident that by "applying the same diligence and research to a subject of our own day," he could, as he said in the Memoir, "rival, if not cap, his glorious 'Sera Nunquam'," and thus create a far greater novel than his medieval one.

His first concern was therefore to bring together the facts he had gathered earlier; then, since these facts were by his standards incomplete and in certain instances somewhat dated, to supplement them through further study and research. As a first step he drew up in one of his Notebooks ("No. 9 Folio") a list of books having to do with the main subjects he proposed to treat in the novel, including such titles as "Bartlett's dict Americanisms... Gilbert's logic of Banking... Young's Nautical Dictionary... Kitt's daily Bible illustrated... Manual of psychological Medicine..."

In the meantime, following his practice in writing Never Too Late To Mend, he had enlisted outside aid. For some time his brother, William Barrington Reade, had been contributing odd facts and observations to which Reade devoted a special notebook labelled "W. B. Reade." In this instance, however, he wanted special information, first about a character whom William knew in real life, one Mattingley; secondly, about William's own experiences as a sailor, particularly his voyage from China—all of which William duly provided. For help in his work on "asylum" he called upon Dr. Samuel Dickson, the eccentric doctor who had rendered such sterling service in connection with the Fletcher case, and who had for years been collecting facts relating to insanity and the treatment of the insane. Some of these facts Dickson had already embodied in his printed books, but the greater part of his materials, including the "manuscript narratives," Reade mentions in the preface to Hard Cash, were apparently in the form of rough notes and jottings which Dickson turned over to Reade in toto, to do with what he would.

With so much help Reade was in danger of being overwhelmed by the facts he lusted after, and to handle them resorted to the special procedures he later described on the inside front cover of No. 9 Folio:

Hard Cash.

a few notes for:

I took notes for this work in various ways:

(1) I covered eight or ten large double folio cards. Some of these still survive.

(2) I pasted extracts from journals and Dickson's works on a screen, where I could see them in one view.

(3) I devoted a double sheet each to some of the characters.

(4) I took notes on the ordinary system in books.

(5) I worked on materials furnished by my brother William, whereof Mattingleiana, the basis of Maxley, and his [William's] voyage from China survive, I believe.

Altogether I bestowed the labor and my usual research that go to two or three soi-disant learned works.

The pleadings are from Fletcher v. Fletcher which case I had worked from first to last.

I have been accused of inaccuracy in all that relates to asyla, but I offered public inspection of my proofs and my detractors one and all shrunk from the test.

With regard to certain characters, I put them on separate double sheets of paper. I never did this before or since.

In most essentials this description is borne out by extant manuscripts. The one exception is item four, which is correct, up to a point, but nevertheless misleading—if the word books be taken to read Notebooks, as Reade evidently intended it should be. Of course he did take notes in books, but not with the thoroughness his system demanded. Except for a few entries scattered through a half-dozen Notebooks, the only materials of consequence are in "No. 9 Folio," and they consist of only a single page of "Libri" followed by nine pages of summary notes on various characters (interspersed with scraps of dialogue and a few technical notations). The truth would seem to be that Reade's difficulties with The Cloister and the Hearth prevented him from keeping his Notebooks as he planned, that consequently when he entered upon the actual writing of Hard Cash he transferred nearly all his materials directly to the large double-folio cards mentioned in item one.

Fifteen of these giant cards survive, along with twenty-five slightly smaller ones, later copied by Saunders, Reade's secretary, from the original fifteen, making a grand total of forty Notecards. The sheer bulk of this material can hardly be credited until one has actually seen the cards themselves. Malcolm Elwin, who was unable to consult the cards, justifiably stresses the variety and extent of the facts recorded in the Notebooks, especially the "appalling list of technical, medical, and statistical works read and annotated for 'materials'." Yet these materials comprise but a fraction of those included on the Notecards. In his unpublished doctoral dissertation, Charles Reade's Manuscript Notecards for 'Hard Cash', Douglas Bankson has edited all forty of the Notecards, and in his commentary has observed that the cards "contain about 107,000 words which divide into 70,000 words in clippings and 37,000 words in notes." These figures include 614 bibliographical entries, not counting the credited material on cards, which swell the total number of bibliographical entries to almost a thousand.

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Yet the main value of the Notebooks and Notecards was essentially a self-justification. The theoretical façade was elaborate; in practice Reade was free to duplicate the pattern he had followed in writing his prison epic; and that, the novel shows, is what he did—not only in his documentation of the purpose or "idea" of the novel, but

also in his reliance on the croix de ma mere of Sensation fiction for the expression of that "idea."

The plot of Hard Cash is somewhat neater than that of Never Too Late To Mend—though constructed along similar lines. David Dodd (a ship-captain transplanted from an earlier novel, Love Me Little Love Me Long) survives storms, attacks by pirates on the China Sea, a shipwreck on the coast of France, and ambush by desperate highwaymen to bring his savings (14,000 pounds in "hard cash") safely home to England, only to have Richard Hardie (a banker who had also appeared in Love Me Little Love Me Long) attempt to misappropriate the entire sum—an action which throws David Dodd into an apoplectic fit and eventually renders him insane—thus leaving Richard Hardie in possession of the cash. In the meantime, however, Alfred Hardie (Richard Hardie's son) has fallen in love with Julia, David Dodd's daughter, and threatens to expose his father's suspected dishonesty: whereupon Hardie Sr. secretly arranges to have Alfred incarcerated in a private madhouse, and, as a consequence of his mysterious disappearance (just before he is to be married), everyone but Julia comes to believe that he has deserted her to run off with some other woman.

While Alfred Hardie, the prime Resourceful Hero, is confined behind asylum walls, Edward Dodd (Julia's brother) replaces him in the role of Hero in the outside world. Although Edward is not in time to save the life of the girl he loves (Jane Hardie, Alfred's sister) he is equal to all the other problems with which he is confronted—largely because, in the words of his sister Julia, "he has been all these years cutting up the Morning Advertiser, and arranging the slips with wonderful skill and method. He calls it 'digesting the Tiser!' and you can't ask for any modern information great or small, but he'll find something about it in this digest." Applying this Readian information in true Readian fashion ("He has written 'SOYEZ DE VOTRE SIECLE' in great large letters," Julia reports, "and has pasted it on all our three bedroom doors."), Edward develops into a true Readian hero. When the need arises and he must help out with the household expenses, he casts aside all foolish notions of gentility to become a fireman—and in this capacity rescues his father and Alfred Hardie from the burning asylum in which they have been confined.

Following their rescue, both Alfred Hardie and David Dodd escape to the coast, where David, still insane, ships as a common sailor, and while trying to save the life of a fellow seaman presumably sacrifices his own. Yet at the moment when he is about to be buried at sea, his cousin, who commands the vessel, recognizes him and orders him to be embalmed—quite providentially, for just as they are preparing to embalm him, a fly bites his presumed corpse, draws blood, and thus proves that he is not dead but merely in a state of suspended animation. From this state he quickly recovers, a sane man, and hastens back to England—to rescue the hard cash.

Meanwhile Alfred returns to London, finds Julia, fights off thugs hired to recapture

him, and, with the aid of the eccentric Dr. Sampson, brings suit for illegal confinement. While defense lawyers procrastinate and postpone the trial, he completes his studies at Oxford, taking a first-class degree in time to rush back to London and into court, where, pitted against the best legal minds, he testifies so brilliantly that he again carries off the honors of the day, to prove not merely his sanity but his unexampled brilliance. Nevertheless, he is still under a moral cloud because Mrs. Dodd, Julia's mother, quite unreasonably considers him responsible for her husband's escape to sea. But that difficulty quickly disappears when David Dodd returns sane, grasps the all-important receipt for the 14,000 pounds from the crackling fingers of a mummified corpse, and in due time returns happily to his wife and family—which is soon enlarged by Julia's marriage to Alfred, and the appearance of numerous offspring, including one that was rather unexpected, for "as so often happens after a long separation, Heaven bestowed on Captain and Mrs. Dodd another infant."

For this final infant, as for the most unlikely and impossible happenings through which he manipulates his plot, Reade could cite all kinds of factual precedent. As in Never Too Late To Mend, he feigned possibilities, recorded improbabilities. And the more improbable the facts, the more highly he regarded them—a typical example being David Dodd's suspended animation, which is no more essential to the plot than Krook's spontaneous combustion is essential to the plot of Bleak House. Reade, like Dickens, went out of his way to introduce the episode because it was new, and novel, and hair-raising—because, in a word, it was Sensational. The difference is that Reade was content to score a sensational coup, whereas Dickens went much further, to use his episode atmospherically and symbolically as well as sensationally. But this is a qualitative, not a conceptual, distinction. Reade's overt aims were much the same as Dickens's—to express the Ideal through the Real by infusing Sensation with matter-of-fact Purpose and Philosophy.

To this end Reade filled out the fantastic framework of his plot with factual characters and scenes and descriptions much like those he had used in his first matter-of-fact masterpiece. Vespasian, the comical but heroic and high-minded Negro of Hard Cash, is an African variation on the Australian Jacky of Never Too Late To Mend in everything from his antics to his mental characteristics. Moreover, he is the ward of Joshua Fullalove, an eccentric yet ingenious Yankee preacher, who, like Jacky's master, Fielding, encounters innumerable setbacks in his efforts to turn a savage into a proper white man. In most instances, however, Reade did not repeat entire characters, merely traits of character, which he then used to duplicate key motifs of his earlier epic. Most repetitive in their primary traits are the Resourceful Heroes, who not only feel and think and act like their predecessors but also like one another in the same novel. Almost equally repetitive are such minor characters as "poor little despised Noah Skinner" (the bank teller in Hardie's bank) whose passion for keeping accurate books duplicates the passion of Fry, the prison turnkey in Never Too Late To

Mend, for keeping an honest record on punishments—and with remarkably similar consequences, since in both cases the honest records lead to the exposure of dishonesty and injustice.

Repetitions of a similar nature occur throughout the novel, most frequently in the chapters devoted to asylums and insanity. For Reade still considered his prison chapters the immortal part of Never Too Late To Mend, and did not see how he could do better than to duplicate their art and purpose in treating private asylums. After all, the facts he had collected pointed to even less excusable atrocities, practiced against far more helpless and innocent victims, by asylum-keepers presumably aware of their responsibilities. Furthermore, these men were, like Warden Hawes, supported in their inhuman practices by "the heartlessness of all whom the country is paying to have hearts, and the brainlessness of many it is paying to have brains. . . ." And so Reade once again dramatized his outrages in terms of the new vs. the old system, public vs. private mad-houses, visiting justices vs. government inspectors, once again to demonstrate that "Justice is the daughter of Publicity"—so long as there are writer-heroes to confute the Carlyleans and publicize the facts.

Within the limits of Reade's narrowly reformist aims there was perhaps no reason why he should not repeat his old formula—save that it did not fit his new facts, which for all their similarities to his prison facts were in certain essentials quite distinct. For one thing, they did not prove so bloody or so brutal and therefore did not lend themselves so readily to his harrowing process. Nor did they provide him with a ready-made Carlylean Villain whom he could nail to the cross of public opinion in the name of God and Justice and Humanity. Although the asylum-keepers may have been "soul-murderers," as Reade charged, few if any of them had, like Hawes, committed atrocities in clear defiance of the letter and spirit of the Lunacy Laws. Their most reprehensible atrocities were those that they committed with full medical and legal sanction, often in the belief that they were helping their patients.

Against these atrocities the legalistic concept of responsibility Reade had applied to Hawes was no longer relevant. Yet he could not abandon it without venturing into inner consciousness—and that he steadfastly refused to do, even when his Resourceful Hero was "chained sane amongst the mad; on his wedding-day; expecting with tied hands the sinister acts of the soul-murderers who had the power to make a lie a truth." At this point, following his usual practice, Reade draws upon his rhetorical powers to observe that "Hours of mortal anguish. . . rolled over that young head. . . that no tongue of man can utter, nor pen can shadow. . . . We can paint the body writhing vainly against its unjust bonds; but who can paint the loathing, agonized soul in a mental situation so ghastly? For my part I feel it in my heart of hearts; but am impotent to convey it to others; impotent, impotent." This final cry of "impotent, impotent" suggests the possibility that, for a moment at least, Reade was on the verge of self-recognition. But if so, he quickly drew back, to take refuge in the standard Victorian practice of shifting the

imaginative burden from writer to reader: "Pray think of it for yourselves, men and women, if you have not sworn never to think of a novel. Think of it for your own sakes; Alfred's turn today, it may be yours tomorrow."

The creative demands of his theme thus disposed of, Reade proceeded to treat asylums exactly as he had treated prisons. But from first to last he encountered difficulties, primarily in his efforts to fit his new facts to his old formulas. Most disastrous perhaps was the effect of his legalistic concept of responsibility, which obliged him to center his expose around those instances in which unscrupulous relatives or asylum keepers availed themselves of weaknesses in the Lunacy Laws to incarcerate the sane or physically maltreat the insane—instances so rare and in comparison with his prison facts so bloodless that despite the thoroughness of his researches he could not duplicate the harrowing effects of the Birmingham atrocities. Nor could he, as in his treatment of those atrocities, intensify their effect by setting his dramatic action in a single institution. The best he could do was to expose his hero, picaresque fashion, to the rigors of not one but three asylums, then supplement the hero's experiences and observations with his own—often interjected directly into the novel in the form of bald commentaries such as the following, tacked onto an account of "how lunatics' ribs get broken" which is itself tacked onto one of the hero's experiences: "Thus died Mr. Sizer in 1854, and two others quite recently. And how many more God only knows; we can't count the stones at the bottom of a deep well."

vi

To enhance the appeal of his purpose (and incidentally to work out the complications of his picaresque plot) Reade drew upon his Notebooks to introduce another form of passion into the novel. Alfred Hardie, incarcerated on his wedding day, spends his wedding night strapped to a bed of torture rather than in a bed of married bliss with the incomparable Julia, whose budding passions Reade had already presented with a Thackeray-like archness bordering on the pornographic—most obviously in snatches from Julia's diary such as the following (II, 162-163), written in his intimately avuncular style and representing, not Julia's thoughts and feelings, but wish-fulfillments of the Victorian male: "Ah, love is a sweet, a dreadful passion... Marriage! what a word to put down! It makes me tingle; it thrills me; it frightens me deliciously."

Because she expresses her love in this way Julia is intended to represent pure and legitimate human love, in contrast to the immoral and illegitimate passion of the woman who next falls in love with Alfred—Mrs. Archbold, the headmistress of the first asylum ("Silverton House") in which Alfred is confined. Mrs. Archbold, "...a tall, well-formed woman of thirty, with dark-gray eyes and straightish eyebrows, massive and black as jet...", has a mind and emotions which Reade, contrary to his usual practice, attempts to explain:

The mind of Edith Archbold corresponded with her powerful frame, and

bushy brows. Inside this woman all was vigor; strong passions, strong good-sense to check or hide them; strong will to carry them out. And between these mental forces a powerful struggle was raging. She was almost impenetrable to mere personal beauty, and inclined to despise early youth in the other sex; and six months spent with Alfred in a quiet country house would probably have left her reasonably indifferent to him. But the first day she saw him in Silverton House, he broke through her guard, and pierced at once to her depths; first he terrified her by darting through the window to escape; and terror is a passion. So is pity; and never in her life had she overflowed with it as when she saw him drawn out of the tank and laid on the grass. If, after all, he was as sane as he looked, that brave, high-spirited young creature, who preferred death to the touch of coarse, confining hands!

No sooner had he filled her with dismay and pity, than he bounded from the ground before her eyes and fled: she screamed, and hoped he would escape; she could not help it. Next she saw him fighting alone against seven or eight, and with unheard-of prowess almost beating them. She sat at the window panting, with clenched teeth and hands, and wished him to beat, and admired him, wondered at him. He yielded, but not to them: to her. All the compliments she had ever received were tame compared with this one. It thrilled her vanity. He was like men she had read of, and never seen; the young knights of chivalry. She glowed all over at him, and detecting herself in time was frightened. Her strong good-sense warned her to beware of this youth, who was nine years her junior, yet had stirred her to all her depths in an hour; and not to see him nor think of him too much.

Reade's language—particularly his manner of invoking such terms as "terror, pity, heroism"—testifies to the seriousness of his analysis, which harks back to Desdemona's response to Othello's dangers and seems designed to present Mrs. Archbold's growing passion with a Shakespearean brevity and grandeur at once more true and telling than George Eliot's psychologizing.

Reade firmly believed that he was emulating Shakespeare (as well as Scott and Mrs. Stowe) in every phase of his writing, that Shakespeare, like every other great writer, owed his greatness not to his imagination but to his facts. In a letter "to the editor of the 'Daily Globe,' Toronto" (in answer to "malicious and defamatory" charges levelled against his writings by Goldwin Smith) Reade wrote:

He now carries the same system, the criticaster's, into a matter of more general importance. He says that I found my fictions upon fact, and so tell lies; and that the chiefs of Fiction did not found fictions on fact and so told only truths.

Now, where does he discover that the chiefs of Fiction did not found their figments upon facts? Where?—why, in that little asylum of idiots, the depths of his inner consciousness! It could be proved in a court of law that Shakespeare founded his fictions on fact, wherever he could get hold of fact. Fact is that writer's idol. It was his misfortune to live in an age when the supplies of fact were miserably meagre.... Living in that barren age, he did his best. He ransacked Belleforest, Baker, Hollinshed....

Could Shakespeare be resuscitated, Reade concludes, "and a copy of the Toronto Globe handed him on the edge of the grave, he would fall on his knees, and thank God for that marvel, a newspaper, and for the rich vein of ore, whose value to the theatre he would soon show us, to our utter amazement."

It was therefore as a modern follower of Shakespeare that Reade transformed Mrs. Archbold from a passionate woman into "a female rake;" then, to add further spice to her importunings, drew upon the Notebooks to provide her with an Amazonian rival, "baby-face biceps." Together and apart, the two women fondle Alfred, kiss him, tickle his feet, and in general subject him to sensuous trials more appropriate to a harem than an asylum—all of which Reade justified on the ground that the love-making of the two women is true to nature and contributes to an understanding of his primary moral distinction. For "baby-face biceps," in tickling Alfred's feet, is guilty only of innocent infatuation, corresponding to Julia's innocent love, whereas Mrs. Archbold is guilty of lust:

By and by, when she saw him getting thinner and paler... she shared his misery; ay, shed scalding tears for him; yet could not give him up; for her will was strong as the rest of her was supple; and hers was hot love; but not true love like Julia's.

For Reade, as for Tennyson in "Lancelot and Elaine," it is true vs. sinful or hot love—though Reade, deviating from Tennyson (and Malory), presents his hero as a moral lover spurning the advances of a lustful and therefore sinful temptress:

With one grand serpentine movement she came suddenly close to him... and poured burning love in his ear... 'Let me be your housekeeper, your servant, your slave.... O Alfred, my heart burns for you, bleeds for you, yearns for you, sickens for you, dies for you.'

'Oh, hush! hush! Mrs. Archbold. You are saying things you will blush for the next moment.'

'I blush now, but cannot hush; I have gone too far. And your happiness as well as mine is at stake.... Say you the word, dearest, and I will bribe the servants, and get the keys, and sacrifice my profession forever to give you liberty... and all I ask is a little, little of your heart in return. Give me a chance to make you mine forever; and, if I fail, treat

me as I shall deserve; desert me at once; and then I'll never reproach you; I'll only die for you; as I have lived for you ever since I first saw your heavenly face.'

The passionate woman paused at last, but her hot cheek and heaving bosom and tender, convulsive hand prolonged the pleading.

I am afraid few men of her own age would have resisted her; for voice and speech and all were burning, melting, and winning; and then so reasonable, lads; she did not stipulate for constancy.

Reade's forced *bonhomie* in these last remarks is intended to flatter the egos of his more sophisticated male readers, preparatory to confronting them with the youthful purity of Alfred's response—which might otherwise be mistaken for priggishness:

Alfred turned round to her blushing and sorrowful. 'For shame!' he said; 'this is not love: you abuse that sacred word. Indeed, if you had ever really loved, you would have pitied me and Julia long ago, and respected our love; and saved us by giving me my freedom long ago....'

'You cruel, ungrateful!' she sobbed.

'No; I am not ungrateful either,' said he, more gently. 'You have always come between me and that kind of torture which most terrifies vulgar souls; and I thank you for it. Only, if you had also pitied the deeper anguish of my heart, I should thank you more still. As it is, I forgive you for the share you have had in blasting my happiness for life; and nobody shall ever know what you have been mad enough in an unguarded moment to say; but for pity's sake talk no more of love, to mock my misery.'

Mrs. Archbold was white with ire long before he had done this sentence. 'You insolent creature!' said she; 'you spurn my love; you shall feel my hate.'

'So I conclude,' said he, coldly: 'such love as yours is hard by hate.'

Were it not for Alfred's final words of denunciation, which echo the Notebook heading, "Lust Hard by Hate," this climactic scene between Alfred and Mrs. Archbold might be dismissed as nothing more than what it certainly is in part: a moralistic attempt to justify his pornographic presentation of female lust. For Reade, unlike Tennyson and so many other Victorian writers, was astonishingly sophisticated in certain of his attitudes towards sex—so sophisticated, in fact, that much of the material he collected in the Notebooks and on the Notecards was far too shocking for inclusion in a respectable work of fiction. A typical example is the following bit of painfully risqué dialogue between Dr. Dickson (here identified as Saul) and Julia:

Saul to Julia. You're a Jinny-us.

Julia. Oh, Jenny ass! Don't rob him of his sex, Dr., or I shall not

be able to marry him, at least I suppose not; though I really don't quite know why.

.....
Julia. Mamma, why do girls never by chance marry girls?

'It is not the custom,' said Mrs. D., without moving a muscle.

Although the exclusion of this and like "gems," as Reade called them, hardly weakens the novel, he was also obliged to exclude other and more promising material on the Notecards, such as the entry concerning one of Mrs. Archbold's wards:

In her lucid intervals she used to go about complaining of Dr. Wolfe, for seducing her, taking advantage of her occasional aberrations to seduce her.

Lucid intervals reversed. The lady who, when lucid, complains Dr. Wolfe had seduced her, with the wonderful memory of her sex for occurrences of that kind....

'Seduction of calves and sheep,' said Archbold contemptuously. 'You don't know my sex; and what fine words they use.'

And in another and related entry—a personal note under the heading "Arundiniana"—Reade went still further, to challenge one of the most sacred of all the Victorian sexual concepts: "The use of extravagant terms leads to fatal and unhappy results. The application of such big words as 'ruin' and 'destruction' to copulation before marriage, has a fatal effect on silly girls—they turn reckless; when in reality there was no harm done, but for the notion." In this form the notation anticipates Thomas Hardy, in his preface to *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. Later Reade qualified his original phrasing, perhaps with a view to fictional application, by writing in "a single act of" before the word "copulation" and replacing "no" before "harm" with "little." But the forces of Victorian decency were not to be placated by shuffling concessions of this nature. The whole concept had to die on the Notecards, along with Mrs. Archbold's remarks on seduction and other such entries.

vii

Considered apart from their context, these entries may seem to indicate that in matters sexual Reade, like Thackeray, fell victim to Mrs. Grundy, that, given freedom to develop his notations, he might conceivably have realized the artistic potential of his materials—perhaps by creating a mid-Victorian Tess, in contrast to George Eliot's conventionally moralistic treatment of Hetty Sorrel in *Adam Bede*. But the novel itself shows that Reade's difficulties were not quite so simple. For in Jane Hardie, the "Virgin Martyr" of the novel, he tried to create a character who may, with qualifications, be described as a sexual Dinah Morris—only to fall back upon moralistic props every bit as conventional as those which George Eliot invokes in her treatment of Hetty.

Nor can Reade's conventionality in this instance be attributed to the forces of Victorian "Humbug," even though, as in his treatment of Mrs. Archbold, certain of his entries

had to remain on the Notecards—notably the following "Materials for Dialogue":

Jane Hardie. Oh when a new-born soul goes back to the dreary round of dress, meals, visits, and amusements, all without a purpose but to murder time.

Dr. Saul. And to catch a husband, if you please, Miss Newborn.

Rebuked by Mrs. Dodd, he says, 'Science to be a gull-hub-bub-boo. Am I to let her think she can delude me, a priori at Sciences, the threadbare little humbug! She couldn't dance her way into a wedding-ring (husband) as quick as she wanted, so now she is going to preach into one.'

In the long run Reade's forced abandonment of these materials (presumably dictated by his fear that Dr. Saul's directness might offend religious as well as moral susceptibilities) had little effect on his characterization—except perhaps to strengthen it, by obliging him to present Jane's sexuality through the self-revelations of her "Diary," a mode of presentation at once less offensive and more telling than Saulian commentary, and furthermore a mode admirably suited to his documentary techniques. For the religious material he had collected on the Notecards (primarily from *The Life of Adelaide Newton* and Bonar's *A Stranger Here*) breathed the spirit of the very Evangelicism he was trying to reproduce in Jane: all he had to do was select and vary the passages to bring out their underlying sexuality. And this he did with remarkable delicacy and perception. On the Notecards, for instance, the following lines are tritely Evangelical: "Oh how closely he walked with God! His mind so exactly suits mine." Yet as modified in Jane's "Diary," and applied to Mr. Plummer, the handsome person whom she so much admires, the lines take on a more personal note: "Got this idea from Mr. Plummer. How closely he walks! his mind so exactly suits mine." Thus, in the words of Dr. Bankson, "Plummer replaces God beside the girl and the new juxtaposition makes a significant comment on the relation of flesh and spirit." Moreover, a number of other passages are, if less subtle, equally revealing—particularly those in which Jane speaks of Plummer, who for the good of her soul not only held her hand and prayed with her but also showed a strong interest in her transcription of the *Book of the Song of Solomon*—apropos of which interest Jane noted in her "diary": "Poor man, his wife leads him a cat and dog life, I hear, with her jealousy."

Jane's sexuality once revealed, however, Reade immediately set about denying its implications—as if he felt he had gone too far, and had to vindicate his ironical epithet, virgin martyr, by sending Jane to a bloody, virginal, and saint-like death. For she is attacked (some two-thirds of the way through the novel) by a crazed victim of her father's villainies who beats "her about the head and shoulders with his heavy stick," until Edward Dodd, her true love, arrives on the scene and deals "her assailant... a murderous stroke with the bludgeon... that... laid him senseless, motionless, and mute, in a pool of his own blood." In this manner

sex is replaced with blood, according to the approved moral pattern of Sensation fiction; and in the ensuing scenes in which Jane succumbs to her blows everything is made right—again according to approved Sensation pattern—by having Jane rise to "celestial bliss." Her death-bed words, as in the "Diary," are the words of Bonar and Newton, but Reade here intends them to be taken literally, and to ensure their effect wreathes them in just about every death-bed piety known to stage and romance, ending the death-scene with a propitiatory tribute to the Evangelicism on which he had earlier cast such scorn:

Thus died in the flower of her youth, and by what we call a violent death, the one child Richard Hardie loved; member of a religious party whose diction now and then offends one to the soul: but the root of the matter is in them; allowance made for those passions, foibles, and infirmities of the flesh, even you and I are not entirely free from, they live fearing God; and die loving him.

In thus making his peace with Evangelicalism and reducing Jane's sexuality to the "infirmities of the flesh," Reade may well have been motivated by personal as well as strategic reasons. His Evangelically pious mother had just recently died, at the age of ninety; then too there was the memory of his saint-like sister Julia—in fact, the death scene may in part be intended as a tribute to her memory. While these reasons do not in any sense redeem the writing itself, which reads like the death of Little Nell as it might have been recounted by Chadband, they do help to account for the discrepancy between the Jane of the Notecards and "Diary" and the Jane of the death-bed scenes—a discrepancy as extreme as that between the Mrs. Archbold and "baby-face biceps" of the Notecards and their nymphomaniacal counterparts in the novel. In treating sex as in treating madness Reade could give full artistic expression to his insights only so long as they were compatible with his ideal self-image; the moment they proved incompatible he retreated into his matter-of-fact rationalizations, and through them to the pietistic and heroic beliefs he shared with his readers. Hence his debasement of the sex and madness in the novel to the level of the heroic quest for "Hard Cash"—a quest Reade finally resolves (by sublimating the sex and madness to the cash) in a finale that George Orwell aptly characterized in Dickens, Dali, and Others. "If you are 'good,' and also self-supporting," Orwell remarks, in speaking of Nicholas Nickleby, "there is no reason why you should not spend fifty years in simply drawing your dividends. Home life is always enough. . . . The 'genteel sufficiency,' the 'competence,' the 'gentleman of independent means' (or 'in easy circumstances')—the very phrases tell one all about the strange, empty dream of the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century middle bourgeoisie. It was a dream of complete idleness." The spirit of this dream, Orwell observes, "Charles Reade conveys. . . perfectly in the ending of Hard Cash. Alfred Hardie. . . is the typical nineteenth-century novel-hero (public-school style). . . . He is an old Etonian and a scholar at Oxford, he knows most of the Greek and Latin classics by heart, he can box with prize-fighters and win the Diamond Sculls at Henley. He goes

through incredible adventures in which, of course, he behaves with faultless heroism. . . ." Then, Orwell concludes, ". . . at the age of twenty-five, he inherits a fortune, marries his Julia Dodd and settles down in the suburbs of Liverpool, in the same house as his parents-in-law: 'They all lived together at Albion Villa, thanks to Alfred. . . . Oh, you happy little villa! You were as like Paradise as any mortal dwelling can be. A day came, however, when your walls could no longer hold all the happy inmates. Julia presented Alfred with a lovely boy; enter two nurses and the villa showed symptoms of bursting. Two months more, and Alfred and his wife overflowed into the next villa. It was but twenty yards off. . . etc. etc. etc.' This is the type of Victorian happy ending—a vision of a huge, loving family of three or four generations, all crammed together in the same house and constantly multiplying, like a bed of oysters."

viii

As might be expected, Reade's contemporaries—from Dickens and Wilkie Collins to Swinburne—praised Hard Cash for the very qualities that Orwell found objectionable, and their encomiums have been echoed by more recent commentators from W. T. Young to Malcolm Elwin. Of these sympathetic critics the most original and thorough is Swinburne, whose defense of the novel extends from its purpose, to its heroics, to the "snowy white villa" and its idealized inmates. "I am not so certain," he declares, in comparing Reade's characters with George Eliot's, "that her more laboured and finished characters have really more life in them than Reade's; that Caleb Garth, as an able and ardent advocate maintains, is a more actual and genuine person, a figure more distinct and positive, more worthy to be remembered 'as a personal friend,' than David Dodd. . . ." But what does this argument prove—except that David Dodd compares favorably with another idealized type whose presence in Middlemarch seriously weakens that novel? To Swinburne and the Victorians Caleb Garth might be the fictional measure of a man, as Dobbin was the measure of a gentleman, and as Amelia and Agnes and Romola were, in their different ways, the measure of a woman. But the value structure on which these ideals of manhood and womanhood were posited has long since collapsed, revealing the emptiness of the ideals themselves, which in the light of modern psychology can be recognized as personifications of wish fulfillments the writers shared with their readers.

More acceptable by modern standards, but likewise dependent on Victorian values, is Swinburne's defence of Reade's epic structure and purpose. The madhouse scenes in the novel, he argues, are more restrained and therefore "more lifelike" than the corresponding scenes in Never Too Late To Mend: "In Hard Cash the crusade against the villainous lunacy of the law regarding lunatics was conducted with more literary tact and skill—with nobler energy and ardour it could not be conducted—than this previous onslaught on the system which made homicide by torture a practical part of such prison discipline as well deserved the disgrace of approbation from the magnanimous worshipper of portable gallows and beneficent whip: the harsher and the humaner agents of an insane law who fig-

ure on the stage of the narrative which attacks it are more life-like as well as less horrible than the infernal little disciples of Carlyle who infest and impede the progress of the earlier tale." In this comparison "the more lifelike" equals "the less horrible," a questionable assumption in itself and one which caused Swinburne to overlook the fact that, given Reade's purpose, "literary tact and skill" could not compensate for the absence of more primary virtues. Reade's first aim was to harrow his readers, just as he had harrowed them in his prison epic, and in making his asylum scenes "less horrible" and, in Swinburne's sense, "more lifelike," he vitiated his purpose, and by modern standards, his art. For it was through his castigation of "the infernal little disciples of Carlyle"—a castigation unchecked by "literary tact"—that he now and again approximated the art of Carlyle and Dickens.

In Swinburne's judgment, however, Reade's more conventional heroics represented the pinnacle of his art: "All other defects or infirmities of his genius disappear or become transfigured when it suddenly takes fire and spreads wing for heights far beyond the reach of the finest painter of social manners, the most faithful and trustworthy spokesman or showman of commonplace event and character. There is a vivid force in his best and highest examples of narrative which informs even prose with something of the effect of epic rather than dramatic poetry. There is more romantic beauty, more passionate depth of moral impression, in the penultimate chapter of Westward Ho! than in any chapter of Reade's; but it hardly attains the actual and direct force of convincing as well as exciting effect which we recognize in the narrative of the Agra's last voyage homeward. That magnificent if not matchless narrative is the crowning evidence of its author's genius: if it should not live as long as the language, so much the worse for all students of the language who shall overlook so noble an example of its powers." While Swinburne's superlatives may seem a bit strained, they actually do little more than justice to the qualities he has singled out for praise. Reade is a master of exciting narrative, perhaps one of the greatest masters in fiction, and the narrative of the Agra's last voyage homeward is every bit as forceful and exciting as Swinburne maintains. Yet it does not follow that Reade's narrative achieves the effect of epic poetry. Indeed, the effect of Reade's epic techniques, as applied to the homeward voyage of the Agra, is closer to that of a drugstore thriller, for the force and excitement of the narrative attaches to nothing more meaningful than the safety of David Dodd and the "hard cash."

Reade's voyage is therefore as counterfeit in its pretensions as the dramatic efforts Henry James described in his review of M. E. Braddon's Aurora Floyd. "With the old poets," James pointed out, "dramatic interest lay in the fact that it [crime] compromised the criminal's moral repose.... With Mr. Collins and Miss Braddon (our Euripides and Shakespeare) the interest of crime is in the fact that it compromises the criminal's personal safety.... the nearer the criminal and detective are brought home to the reader, the more lively his 'sensation'...." And the voyage of the Agra is but a variation on this formula, with Reade, the modern Homer, using David Dodd's perils, not to express the symbolic meaning of the voyage (which is perfectly obvious), but to permit the reader to revel in the blood and excitement, in a word, the Sensation, of storm and battle.

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James's distinction between the genuine and the counterfeit thus exposes the underlying fallacy of Swinburne's criticism: its dependence on the illusory Victorian ideals so ably characterized by Orwell. Considered apart from these ideals, Hard Cash is little more than another version of Never Too Late To Mend; better plotted, and written with more literary tact and skill, yet lacking the sadistic passion that at times gives artistic meaning to the humanitarian Sensation of the earlier novel.

The passages of sexual passion Reade derived from the Notebooks and Notecards mark his one significant artistic advance in Hard Cash. In these passages he ventured onto more sanctified moral grounds than in his earlier novels—The Cloister and the Hearth excepted—he had either evaded or skirted; and in most instances he failed to do justice to his facts and insights, reverting to conventionalized evasions when on the verge of genuine artistic discovery, he now and then, as in his treatment of Jane's self-revelations, demonstrated the ability to go much further. What he needed, seemingly, in order to give significant expression to his insights, was a modern sexual theme comparable to that of his medieval romance—in other words a theme vital enough in its implications to rouse his latent sensibilities yet not so daring or so aberrant as to offer a direct challenge to his fears and ideals.

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BOOK REVIEWS

Maud Bodkin — Archetypal Patterns in Poetry: Psychological Studies of Imagination (First Vintage Edition — K 57. Originally published by Oxford University Press, 1934.) New York: Vintage Books [Knopf], 1958. Pp. xvi+324+iv (Index). Paper-bound, \$1.25.

Maud Bodkin — Studies of Type Images in Poetry. Oxford University Press, 1951.

Homage to Maud Bodkin

The publication of Maud Bodkin's masterpiece, Archetypal Patterns in Poetry, in the Vintage series of paperbacks provides an occasion for paying homage to this most perceptive of modern critics. The publication and the homage are both long overdue. For years after the original publication of Miss Bodkin's book in England, in 1934, it was difficult to obtain her book in this country. In part because she was not a member of that little coterie of critics who exchange references and puffs, she has received astonishingly little attention in the United States, either in literary journals or books of criticism. In The Armed Vision, to be sure, Stanley Edgar Hyman has a chapter entitled "Maud Bodkin and Psychological Criticism," but on re-examination it is all too evident that Miss Bodkin is simply a peg for a survey of psychological approaches to literature. One must be grateful to Mr. Hyman for making the survey. The fact remains that, in general Miss Bodkin has not received the attention she deserves and that, so far as I know, there is no single detailed critique of her criticism in print.

The world has two interrelated strategies for neglecting a new expository writer whose work cannot be assimilated without some effort—and Miss Bodkin's falls into this category. The first is simply to disregard the writer, to postpone reading him until the weak initial intention to read him has been forgotten. The second is to label the writer, a device which seems to provide comfort and reassurance even when one has only a sketchy and sometimes inexact knowledge of what is meant by the label. This strategy too has been employed with—one is tempted to say against—Miss Bodkin. She has been labelled a "Jungian."

The fact is that Miss Bodkin is only a Jungian peripherally, if at all. Her book is an examination of certain persistent themes in literature, themes whose enduring appeal might be explained by Jung's idea of a collective unconscious. But, as Hyman points out, our continuing interest in these themes may also be the result of cultural conditioning; more specifically still, it may be a product of the afterwards repressed experiences everyone undergoes in growing up. It does not necessarily depend on the idea that certain common experiences come to be part of our racial inheritance, and Miss Bodkin explicitly shows her awareness of this at a number of points. At almost the beginning of her book she declares:

In Jung's formulation of the hypothesis, and in the more tentative metaphorical statement of Gilbert Murray, it is asserted that these patterns are 'stamped upon the physical

organism', 'inherited in the structure of the brain'; but of this statement no evidence can be considered here. Jung believes himself to have evidence of the spontaneous production of ancient patterns in the dreams and fantasies of individuals who had no discoverable access to cultural material in which the patterns were embodied. This evidence is, however, hard to evaluate; especially, in view of the way in which certain surprising reproductions, in trance states, of old material, have been subsequently traced to forgotten impressions of sense in the lifetime of the individual.

Again on page 171 of the Vintage edition, she writes:

It is not necessary here to examine, farther than has been already done, the meaning which we should attach to Jung's terms, 'the collective unconscious' and the 'archaic residues' contained in it. We have already in this essay attempted to illustrate the collective representation of woman, with aspects both human and divine, presented in that communicated experience to which both tradition and the inherited nature of the individual contribute.

The fact that our response to representations of woman is affected by "both tradition and the inherited nature of the individual" is scarcely likely to be rejected by the most hard-headed and rational of critics.

Amazingly, this ambivalent and half-hearted acceptance of the idea of a collective unconscious provides what little justification there is for labelling Miss Bodkin a Jungian. Her other borrowings from Jung are even more incidental to her basic argument. But the essential point is that if, as I believe, the psychological purpose of labelling is somehow to encompass someone without expenditure of effort, Miss Bodkin is a person for whom this strategy is singularly inappropriate. The only way to encompass her is by reading her with the care and affection her literary scholarship and her own perceptions merit—and then, ideally, by reading or re-reading some of the works she discusses to see how much light her insights throw upon them. Now that Archetypal Patterns in Poetry is readily available in an inexpensive edition, it is to be assumed that it will be read in this spirit by more and more students of literature. It will indefinitely remain a basic text to anyone seriously interested in the interrelations of literature and psychology.

The hard-headed critic I have postulated above is less likely to respond with unqualified enthusiasm to Miss Bodkin's most recent book, Studies of Type-Images in Poetry, Religion and Philosophy, published in 1951 but never previously noticed in these pages. One may surmise that this book represented a less congenial assignment than its great predecessor. Miss Bodkin is herself a rationalist. Her intellectual orientation makes it difficult for her to accept anything on faith alone. On the other hand, her emotional needs may incline her in the opposite direction. It would seem that the impelling force behind the book is the desire to find some basis for belief in religious values and in some form of immortality.

This desire is sometimes pathetically evident. Thus it leads Miss Bodkin to accept the probability of reincarnation. It is responsible for another far more crucial and pervasive error, or tendency to error. While Miss Bodkin is not only too honest a person but also too cautious a writer to produce many statements which can unhesitatingly be dismissed as mistaken, it cannot be overlooked that whereas in her earlier book she was content to regard the persistent appeal of certain themes as evidence of their capacity to satisfy certain persistent human needs, here she tends to go further—to write as if those themes had their correlatives not only in our minds and needs but also in the world of reality. Thus she writes (pp. 36-37):

When, surveying the society I know, I value it as embodying an aspiration toward good—the inter-related good of all its members—yet condemn it as betraying the ideal it embodies with such manifold imperfection, that ideal, beyond the actual, by which I judge, is not—so Plato and Whitehead maintain—a mere modification of my consciousness. It is a reality which, in Plato's image, lights my reason as the sun my bodily sight.

F. L. Lucas — Literature and Psychology (First American edition; revised. Original British edition: Cassell, 1951.) University of Michigan Press (Ann Arbor Paperbacks), 1957. Pp. 340 (including Index). \$1.75.

Mario Praz — The Romantic Agony (Reprinted from the translation by Angus Davidson of the second edition—dated, Rome, 1950, in the author's note—of La carne, la morte e il diavolo nella Letteratura romantica, published by Oxford University Press in 1951. First edition Milano, 1930; same translator and publisher, 1933.) New York: Meridian Books, 1956. Pp. xix+502 (including index of names). Paper-bound, \$1.95.

It must have been twenty-five years ago, when I was discussing rather grandiose plans for a doctoral dissertation along psycho-literary lines, that my advisor in the field of Romanticism suggested that I should certainly read a new and important work in my field, Professor Praz's The Romantic Agony. I read and re-read it most conscientiously, and when I prepared the first running bibliography for this journal (I, 2, 3), I listed it as one of the "indispensable works which treat of the influence of the newer psychological concepts on creative writing." Dr. Nicholes, Associate Editor at that time, also took notice of the publication of the second edition of the work in 1951, commenting in Bibliography (III) in these words:

Again, on pages 124-25, she makes the statement:

It is hard to relate adequately to our more exact knowledge the intuitions of moral and religious experience; yet by ignoring these we perhaps do greater violence to truth and to ourselves than by the most imperfect synthesis. . . . While we seek to enter imaginatively the complete experience communicated, we take into our own lives that which for us has unchanging truth. Of the existence of such truth, or relevance to human need, the power of these records to win response through the ages is our strongest evidence.

Granted that the exact meaning of the words "of the existence of such truth" is far from clear, in me they produce a feeling of discomfort.

However, if one cannot follow Miss Bodkin at every point in Studies of Type-Images, in this book too there is much to admire. If Miss Bodkin succumbs at times to wishful thinking, it must also be said that only a person as scrupulously honest as she is would even raise some of the questions with which she feels compelled to deal. And the person who reads the book selectively, concentrating on its literary analyses rather than its religious argument, will find Studies in Type-Images an unalloyed delight. Miss Bodkin has lost none of her acumen or vigor as a critic. The book includes exegeses of some of Yeats's poems that fill one with wonder. Here, as in her earlier book, Miss Bodkin is reverential in her approach to literature, humble in her desire to understand, loving in her response to every shift and nuance of a writer's thought.

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This analysis of the interaction of the psychology of the writer (given intensely personal expression in the works of Byron and De Sade) and the poetic tradition shows the evolving tradition of the Byronic artist. This evolution includes demonic women figures as well as demonic men. [I, 4, 4]

Yet, as I look back, I find that I have never made much use of my reading in Praz. If I had read the second edition when it appeared, I might have discovered the reason, as I do now, scanning this reprint and turning first to the index of names. I find no reference there to any authority in psychology or psychoanalysis other than Freud. And the two references to Freud reveal the inherent